

Feb. 1989

Dear Tam,

I have much to say to you. I  
probably won't give this to you but... after  
a while, I think the ghost clown will at least  
release them from my spinning brain and  
perhaps even a bit of a release for me.

I know that you're angry with  
me. I know I'm the kind of idiot and  
dumb, in the truth about how I feel, what  
I'm doing in the past, about you, with...

I hope you are right. I have a  
new, new trip - and I just want to  
show you about it. I'm sure about it, I think  
I'm about to go. I'm about to go  
about you, in some way or you'll be  
or you'll run off again. There is aren't  
relationships and I think sometimes to be my  
friend.

But, I really would like to stay  
my heart and I'm just in with you.

I want - yes I have wanted for  
my heart to be as good as that. If you  
could have it - I shall be glad by you.  
I say so, because I think I know that  
I am and responsible for that, and of you

Life (the last half of fifth grade or so I think) and what happened to you was 1:4, as you gather it & premeditated — but, it was a result, in part, of conscious decisions on our part. Decisions made when you were a baby, a toddler, & a small child. Decisions to raise you differently and more lovingly (we thought). We were very influenced with the attitude & the whole 60's & 70's idea of closeness and to do with each other and our children. The, well I don't know, the thought was healthy.

Tami knew then when I'd want to see you look at night so I would put his hand down in your pants and rub you. I don't think there was anything wrong with that. When he started to travel again and we thought he was losing his closeness with you, we didn't recognize it as necessary pre-adolescent behavior for a fifth grade girl. Instead we felt he needed to be extra loving. Especially when he came home from being gone while I said he was traveling, you a boy, manner. The quiet, loving,

(I thought), time <sup>3</sup> at bed time were  
good. I came in once and saw Dad  
playing beside you & joined the two of you.  
I thought we were having a lovely family  
time. Oh, Dad said come out and say how  
he thought it was nice and close. Then it  
went <sup>4</sup> to long before you said, no —  
you want me to put you to bed. He  
would come out & say 'She doesn't want me  
or you', say good night quickly. I thought  
if we had (as I was sometimes) at  
this point, ending you about the manner  
you would take a little time to say  
good night to me — with 20 kisses or  
more. At first I was concerned about  
this and then I thought it was just  
your new status testing you. Never wanted  
to go to bed.

Trying to help, but the closeness back,  
I then, suggested you go out to dinner  
or something a couple times a month. I  
also suggested he talk to you about  
sex from the male perspective. He was  
reluctant and felt awkward about it  
and I felt it would be helpful to you.

4

Unfortunately, during this time Dad and I were also having some difficulties. At first I was so he got sucked into it. You got in the middle of this conflict at different times.

How confusing and frightening for you! How could we have been so stupid and selfish and you abusive!

I cringe at the words sexual abuse. Well, I took you to self defense class to protect you from just that!

I am filled with shame and grief. I don't matter that the intent was not to hurt you — you were hurt and scared. You did not deserve or ask for this injury to you. You were and are our innocent child.

When you told me about your talk the other day, my heart and I fear even what spoke to you. You have a right I shall spend life and help yourself to heal in any way you feel is necessary to you. I'm sure you did a good job with this. me I know how. Soay, I'm sorry. To give me a special offer for you after this.

5

I support you, contrary to what you  
might think, in your AA and any other  
efforts you think could help you. I only  
wanted it was that someday with the help  
of God and, or, modern medical research,  
someday a cure for the illness.

I have over the past three years  
hated and, or felt sorry for and loved  
you both at different times. I have some-  
times wondered why she has "hated" me for  
mine. I have sometimes wondered how we  
could get together. The - I remember  
1. I know, but also reasonable for your  
pain 2. I made a decision many years ago  
to love him - for better or worse. Also,  
very important, I cannot live in a world  
without forgiveness. I want to forgive him,  
just as I want him to forgive me. At  
the age of 53, I have needed forgiveness  
many times. The most difficult part, is  
to sometimes be able to forgive myself.

Tania, as you heal and grow, I  
pray that someday you will be able to  
forgive us. To forgive is not the same  
as forgetting. B. W. I hope to + for you

(At last the pain has been my experience)  
the memory and the pain will become  
less intense and more distant. That the  
richness of your life will bring good memories  
to dwell on.

Truly  
Yours